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priest declared that he would not accept of any compensation of this sort; adding, "All I ask of you in return for any service I may have rendered you is, that if at any future period you happen to meet a countryman of mine in need of assistance, you would do to him as I have done to you." This affords one among many proofs that the truly Christian spirit is not confined to any profession of religion. (*Travels in North America in 1804-5 and 6*, by Robert Swelliff.)

ANECDOTE FOR ANTIQUARIANS.

As Dr. Stukely, and some other curiosos, were on an antiquarian tour in Hertfordshire, they came to a place called Cæsar's stile, situated on the brow of an eminence. No

sooner was the place named, than the Doctor stopped all of a sudden, and after an attentive survey of the neighbouring ground, pronounced it to be directly the scite of a fortified pass, which Cæsar had left behind in his march from Coveystakes to Verulam. Some of the company demurring against this opinion, a debate arose, and an aged man, a labourer, coming up, the Doctor asked him, with great confidence, "whether that was not called Cæsar's stile?" Aye, master," said the old man, "that it is, I have good reason to know it, for many a day did I work upon it for old Bob Cæsar, rest his soul; he lived in yonder farm; and a sad road it was before he made this stile!"

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A HYMN, WRITTEN AMONG THE ALPS : BY HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.*

CREATION'S God! with thought elate
Thy hand divine I see
Impress'd on scenes where all is great,
Where all is full of Thee!

Where stern the Alpine mountains raise
Their heads of massive snow,
Whence on the rolling storm I gaze
That hangs how far below!

Where on some bold stupendous height
The eagle sit alone,
Or soaring wings his sullen flight
To haunts yet more his own;

* Owing to the politeness of a very worthy gentleman, the readers of the Magazine are presented with a hymn by Helen Maria Williams, which she sent to him while she was in Switzerland. Not having her works, we cannot ascertain whether the hymn has already appeared in print.

Where the sharp rock the chamois treads
Or slippery summit scales,
Or where the whitening snow-bird spreads
Her plumes to icy gales;

Where the rude cliff's steep column glows
With morning's tint of blue,
Or evening on the glacier throws
The rose's blushing hue;

Or where by twilight's softer light,
The mountain shadow bends,
And suddenly casts a partial night
As black its form descends;

Where the full ray of noon alone,
Down the deep valley falls;
Or, where the sun-beam never shone,
Between its rifted walls;

Where cloudless regions calm the soul,
Bid mortal cares be still,
Can passion's wayward wish controul
And rectify the will;

Where midst some vast expanse, the mind
Which swelling virtue fires,
Forgets that earth it leaves behind,
And to its heaven aspires;

Where far along the desert sphere
Resounds no creature's call,
And undisturbing mortal ear
The avalanches fall ;

Where rushing from their snowy source
The daring torrents urge
Their loud-ton'd waters headlong course,
And lift their feather'd surge ;

Where swift the lines of light and shade
Flit o'er the lucid lake,
Or the shrill winds its breast invade,
And its green billows wake ;

Where on the slope with speckled dye
The pigmy birds I scan,
Or sooth'd, the scatter'd chalets spy,
The last abodes of man ;

Or where the flocks refuse to pass,
And the lone peasant mows,
Fix'd on his knees, the pendent grass
Which down the steep he throws ;

Or where the dangerous pathway leads
High o'er the gulph profound,
From whence the shrinking eye recedes,
Nor finds repose around ;

Where red the mountain-ash declines
Along the cleft rock,
Where firm the dark unbending pines
The howling tempest mock ;

Where level with the ice-ribbed bound,
The yellow harvests glow,
Or vales with purple vines are crown'd
Beneath impending snow ;

Where the rich minerals catch the ray,
With varying lustre bright,
And glittering fragments strew the way
With sparks of liquid light ;

Or where the moss forbears to creep
Where loftier summits rear
Their untr'd snows, and frozen steep
Locks all th' uncolour'd year ;

In every scene, where every hour
Sheds some terrific grace,
In nature's vast o'erwhelming power,
Thee, Thee, my God, I trace !

So let me in the moral scene
Thy hand directing see,

And midat its darkest tempests lean
With confidence on Thee !

'Midst earth's vain joys, or passing woes,
Alike in good or ill,
Be the first bliss my bosom knows
Submission to Thy will !

To the Proprietors of the Belfast Magazine.

Gentlemen,

Should the following lines have any claim to insertion, by publishing them, you will confer a lasting obligation upon a friend and correspondent, who remains

Your most obedient servant,

J.M.

Belfast, Sept. 29th, 1814.

SEE the fierce war-horse bounding o'er
the plain,
Foaming with rage, the field of Mars to
gain ;
The clang of arms at distance far is heard,
But nought can e'er impress his heart with
dread.
Impetuous now, he hurries through the
plain,
Trampling with pride on heaps of fallen
slain,
Till stopt at last by death's terrific blow.
Among the prostrate he himself lies low.
With agonizing pang his heart now bleeds,
And now it is his utmost strength he
needs ;
But now it's vain, to death he must give
way,
For he has clos'd the warfare of a day ;
Now has he fallen never again to rise,
And death's long sleep for ever seals his
eyes :
So 'tis with man, by many passions driv'n,
Not to be stopp'd, though by the voice of
heav'n,
He headlong flies to folly's fatal crime,
Nor thinks of ruin'd health, nor mispent
time,
Until, in misery's gulph entomb'd he
lies,
By all forgotten, he unpitied dies.